UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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WINTER GLORY

All beautiful the march of days,
As seasons come and go:
The Hand that shaped the rose hath wrought
The crystal of the snow;
Hath sent the hoary frost of heaven,
The flowing waters sealed,
And laid a silent loveliness
On hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure
The radiant morns unfold;
The solemn splendors of the night
Burn brighter through the cold;
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,
Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn,
"Good-will to men on earth!"

O glory of the winter-land!
The peace of Nature's rest!
And sweet the dream of coming Spring
That stirs within her breast.
On move the resurrection hours,
The Easter heralds throng,—
Till sudden bursts the miracle
Of blossom and of song!

O thou from whose unfathomed Law
The year in beauty flows,
Thyself the Vision passing by
In crystal and in rose,
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night proclaim,
In ever changing words of light,
The wonder of thy Name!

FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE.

The lecture on "Richard Jefferies," by F. J. Lazell, published elsewhere in this issue, is worthy of a wide reading, both for its subject and its author. Mr. Lazell is a journalist by avocation, and a lover and interpreter of Nature—at once a scientist and a poet—by vocation, and those who read his lecture will want to read some of his books, the latest of which is entitled "Isaiah as a Nature Lover." He sees that because Isaiah was a poet, to whom the world was a song, he was thereby a better prophet, to whom the world was a parable; and he has written of the nature scenery of those prophetic pages with insight, enthusiasm, and accuracy. UNITY welcomes Mr. Lazell to its pages as a bringer of good tidings.

What a picture gallery is that book, "Life on the Pacific Coast," by S. D. Woods, dedicated to Edwin Markham, "My beloved pupil of long ago—and I can never forget the little school-house in the sunny Suisun hills, where we together found our lives." One of the shining lights on the Coast was Thomas Starr King, who left this golden memory:

"There was in his face the serenity of him who had seen a vision, and to whom the vision had become a benediction. He was bound to be, wherever his lot was cast, the guide and solace of the distressed. Spiritual truth was to him more than a creed. He proclaimed the beauty of perfect life, and sought to win men by appeal to affection, rather than to fear. He sought to make holiness so sweet that no man could afford to lose it. His love of the beautiful and the true had in it the intensity of a passion. In him were the feature, form, and voice of a perfect orator. As he read or spoke his voice rose and fell in waves of sound, capitivating the senses like music. It was music. To hear him read a Psalm of David was the treat of a lifetime, and the parables were made as new as when they were first spoken in Judea. Well do we remember that almost at the moment of his death, a minor earthquake shook the city, and men said, 'Even the earth shudders at the thought that Starr King is dead!'"

Plans are now forming for a general celebration of the Ter-centenary of the Authorized Version of the English Bible, and it should be made a memorable date. Despite the fact that the King James Version seems never to have been "authorized"—the records apparently having been burned by a fire in the palace of Whitehall in 1618—no other book has so penetrated the hearts and speech of the English race. What Homer was to the Greeks, and the Koran to the Arabs, that, and much more, the Bible has become to the English. How true this is may be seen from an essay, as timely as it is brilliant, by Dr. Albert S. Cook, of Yale, entitled "The Authorized Version of the Bible and Its Influence." The Bible has been the mother in our literary family, and if some of its children have grown up and become very wise in their own conceit, none the less they gather about its knee and pay tribute. Apart from all questions of dogma, the Bible, as Walt Whitman said in a superb passage, is surcharged with human life not less than with Divine music. Not a page of it, not a verse, not a word, but has been drenched with the life-blood of some patient, heroic, aspiring, God-illumined soul.

Notable was the speech of Sir Edward Gray in the British House of Commons, opposing a motion made by a Liberal member to the effect that the House viewed with alarm the increased expenditure on the army and navy, and that it ought to be diminished. While formally opposing the motion on behalf of the Ministry, Sir Edward favorably emphasized its

spirit as being in accord with the better sentiment of civilized nations. Such tremendous expenditure and rivalry, if continued, would end, he predicted, in internal revolutions—a protest of the masses of men against taxation. A memorable passage, which has evoked a chorus of approval in the British press and the sanction of Mr. Balfour, the Unionist leader, was the following:

> "I should perhaps have thought it unprofitable to mention arbitration had it not been that twice within the last twelve months the President of the United States has sketched out a step in advance more momentous than any one thing any statesman in his position has ventured to say before. His words are pregnant with far-reaching consequences. He said that if the United States could negotiate a positive agreement with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court on every question that could not be settled by negotiation, no matter what was involved, a long step forward would be taken. These are bold and courageous words. If two of the greatest nations should thus make it clear that under no circumstances were they going to make war again, the effect of their example on the world would have beneficent consequences."

Rumor has been rife for some time that the New Theater of New York City was to be abandoned as a hopeless enterprise. It now appears, however, from a statement made by its founders, that it is to continue. This is indeed good news, for it would have been a calamity to permit so noteworthy an effort in behalf of sound drama to fail. Happily a widespread movement, taking many forms, is now afoot having the same general purpose, and it is doing definite things, not merely talking and aspiring. All of which means that we are at last waking up from our Rip Van Winkle sleep as regards the function of the play-house, which in other lands has long been a civic center, an educational institution as well as a place of amusement. The Drama League of Chicago, formed less than a year ago, now has more than ten thousand members. Besides spreading news of plays that are worth while, it prepares courses of study for clubs, libraries, and classes, dealing with the plays that are significant and worth while. Leagues of like kind are forming in other cities, notably in New York and Boston, which betoken a fast-growing interest in a better stage. And now comes *The Drama,* a quarterly, edited by W. N. Guthrie, of the University of Tennessee, and its initial number is a rich sign of promise. The entire movement, which is sure to increase, has for its aim to prepare a more intelligent theater audience by provoking a taste for the best plays in the world.

The religious adventures of one era become the habitual virtues of another. The sore consciousness of our world today, of its evils of greed and selfishness, is the sure sign that we are travailing into a new conscience, and through it into a new and finally unconscious happiness of brotherliness in labor.

—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

Editorial Correspondence

"Sleepy old Charleston!" seems to be a current phrase that amuses both the residents and non-residents of this city, so proud is it of its antiquities, so famous or in-famous are its annals. But it was no "sleepy town" last week. The city was visited by a Civic Cyclone which furnished amusement, excitement and inspiration to all its inhabitants. Outwardly it was a six days' campaign in the interest of new and more adequate Y. M. C. A. buildings. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars was the sum aimed at, and which the "careful citizen,"guided by that deceitful old lamp called the Past, pronounced "visionary and impossible." But Ward, the national expert, the professional money-getter of the Association movement, knew what he was doing. He was there in person to direct the sixtieth or more of similar "cyclones," all of which have been successful. The noisy six days had been preceded by quiet weeks of careful preparation. A list of six thousand names had been compiled and then carefully divided and the lists put into the hands of perhaps two dozen "teams," each of which was led by a chosen "Captain." The Woman's Exchange was then enlisted. A large hall was secured and each day at noon the "teams" met, a free luncheon was served by the ladies, each "team" with a table of its own, while the pastors and other dignitaries occupied the large table on the high place at the end of the hall. After the "bountiful repast" the roll was called, and reports were made and promptly seconded in conspicuous figures. Day by day the fun grew more lively, the chase more exciting. I was present on the last day. Upwards of $20,000 was the requirement of ultimate success. The Mayor of the city presided. The preachers were all there and 'mid cheering, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, smiles and tears, the goal was reached with about $7,000 over. The excitement was so high that out of sheer joy in the work another day of "fun" was arranged for and $15,000 was raised to complete the fund for a Catholic Infirmary which had been interfered with.

It was an inspiring revelation of what can be accomplished when there is a common purpose and a determined will. When a Mayor leads the civic hosts of his city on a crusade of love and helpfulness, how tame and inadequate are the combines of greed and the inspirations of the camp that deals with the vulgar weapons of war.

But this was something much finer than a rally of the evangelical forces of the community. The clergy did not seem to be in it. It was a real civic movement and the bigotry line which is thrown around the pious pretensions of the conventional Y. M. C. A. was torn down and thrown away. Some antiquarian searcher

into the records discovered that the Charleston Y. M. C. A. antedated the Portland Convention that fixed the "Evangelical Church Membership" clause as a condition of full membership, and so it was ruled that the Charleston Y. M. C. A. was not bound by it. So Jew, Unitarian and Catholic citizens were enlisted, and they worked right heartily. Indeed a Catholic and a Jewish captain seemed to be the most valiant sons of this larger Israel.

However it may be with other Y. M. C. A.'s in the country, henceforth the one at Charleston, S. C., is to know no creed limitations in its membership, and it is claimed that there are some forty and other *free* Y. M. C. A.'s in the country, and they are to unite their strength and in due time to lead the remaining hosts out of the bondage of the letter into the freedom of the spirit.

If there are other "sleepy" towns that would seek an awakening, let them enlist their Mayor or his equivalent, pick their leaders wisely, throw down their creed barriers and then send for Ward, and the thing will be done.

But there is something back of this, something more alive than the Charleston Y. M. C. A., something as encouraging as the Charleston Navy Yard is discouraging. The sub-marine monster which is to be seen at the docks is a devil-fish that harks back to the iron-maiden of medieval torture, but the Philo Club is a child of light with its face to the future. It is an angel of promise. This club consists of but nine members, —but such members! They represent the pastors of two Baptist Churches, the Episcopal Church, Methodist, Presbyterian and Unitarian parsons and a Jewish Rabbi, and they not only "dwell together in unity" but they work together, study together, and grow in grace together.

Back of all this good cheer born of good works that made Charleston glad last week, we believe one can discern the thoughtful faces of the Philo Club, who said to one another and to the citizens of this ancient city, "Let us reason together," "Let the dead past bury its dead. Our faces are turned to the future."

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

En Route in Alabama, March 17, 1911.

SLEEP

What is this Death? What is this rest profound?
This calm unwaking sleep that wraps us 'round?

A friend who stays the hand, who shuts the door,
Rings down the curtain when the play is o'er.

And why comes Death so early in the year
To garner budding fruit ere leaves are sere?

'Tis sweet to fall on sleep while shines the sun,
With bated breath, the joy of work begun.

Let me live deeply—drink of all delight,
Give of myself, and pass before the night.

JESSIE WELBORN SMITH.

THE PULPIT

Was There Need of a Susan B. Anthony?

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT

(In part printed in the "Democrat and Chronicle" of Rochester, N. Y.)

Was there any *need* of a Susan B. Anthony? Any *need* of the little Quaker girl who was born on the hills of Western Massachusetts in 1820, and educated in district schools and a Quaker academy; who taught school for a dozen or fifteen years, and farmed for a year or two on the thirty-acre farm three miles west of Rochester; who discovered herself and a mission when she was thirty years old, and, obedient to the vision, straightway organized women for temperance work all through the State of New York in the early fifties, and faced her first mobs as co-laborer with the abolitionists; who, swiftly realizing that the right and the power to vote underlay all other rights and powers in a democracy, then became organizer of the Suffrage-for-Woman movement, first in her own State, next in the United States, at last internationally? Did the world *need* this woman who to the cause of "Woman's Rights" gave herself without stint, without pause, without count of fatigue or danger or obloquy, by day and by night, through summers and winters, in health and in sickness, in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in misrepresentations and persecutions and distresses for woman's sake—until, toward the end of her long life, with her cause yet unwon but its victory dawning, her city, her State, the national leaders at Washington, the people of her own land, the rising womanhood of England and the continent, whatever they thought of the movement, reverenced her name for her fearless, tireless, selfless devotedness to it, and began to recognize in her the Leader of leaders in the greatest social movement of the greatest of centuries? Was there any *need* of this Susan B. Anthony, Rochester's citizen? For answer, consider such facts as these:

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born (1820), no mother in the United States shared with the father the power of guardianship over the child of her body and soul. The child, in law, belonged to the father, who might, if he would, will it away from the mother. The father could, and sometimes he did, will away the unborn child from its mother! There are States in which he can do that today; as late as 1900 there were but seven in the Union in which mother and father had equal right to their children under the law. New York was the first of our States, and the first in the modern world, it is said, to establish by law the mother's equality. The year was 1860. No one had done so much, no one nearly so much, as unmarried Susan Anthony, then nine years trained in reform work, to voice and shape the demand for it. From county to county, from town to town, she had gone, initiating and directing the State-wide movement. When the equality was repealed by the Legislature,—as it was in two years! and not to be fully restored till 1893—what wonder she felt that woman's need of the ballot had secured complete demonstration?

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born a wife not infrequently supported her family by manual labor, while the law gave her wages to the profligate husband to spend. In that year not a married woman in the country could control even her earnings, still less her real estate, or make a will; and these three rights were regarded as distinct each from the other. Ohio was apparently the first of the States (1835) to discover her right to make a will, and Maine the first (1844) to give her control of her property. New York laughed and turned down such ideas in 1836, but in 1848 granted the personal ownership of her land. At this time Miss Anthony was still quietly teaching academy; but, as it took twelve years more for the Empire State to conceive that a married woman had any right to her earnings (1860), and seven years longer to discern her right to make a will (1867), our teacher, emerging into reform, had ample opportunity to lift up her voice in behalf of the triple right, now established as a matter of course in most, if not all, of our States.

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born the first "academy" in the whole land for girls' education was incorporated by the State of New York, and the next year a solitary school was opened in Troy to determine whether they were capable of the "higher education." At that time in Boston, girls were permitted to attend the public schools only when there were not boys enough to fill them. In the district school to which little Susan went the (man) teacher refused to teach her long division, and could not understand why the strange child wanted to learn it. She was thirteen years old when the first doors in the modern world to offer a college education to girls swung open at Oberlin, Ohio. Today there are probably more girls than boys in the public schools of America; nearly or fully three-fourths of our colleges are co-educational; the State Universities, as a rule, are for women as much as for men; Harvard and Columbia have established sister colleges for them; and their own separate colleges take rank with the highest of these. The idea that the sister's mind is inferior is fast disappearing, as the results of side-by-side study and examinations appear—appear to the awe and abashment of brothers!

Miss Anthony's earliest notable contribution to this educational advance was her famous solution of the riddle that had been puzzling a State Teachers' Convention, held in Rochester in 1853,—"Why is the teacher's profession not as much respected by the public as that of lawyer, doctor or minister?" Two-thirds of the teachers present were women, and for two days not a woman had spoken or voted,—or been expected to. Finally Miss Anthony rose. After a half-hour's debate by the men to decide whether, being but a woman, she might be allowed to address them, she explained: "As long as society judges that woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach tacitly admits that he has no more brains than a woman,"—and sat down. That was illuminating, and the Convention adjourned for the day.

Her last effort in behalf of the higher education for women, made when she was eighty years old, also belongs to Rochester's history. In 1900, when the question of opening Rochester University to girls was hanging in the balance, it was her determination and energy that, in the last hours of the last day allowed for the purpose, secured the lacking $8,000 necessary, she herself pledging her own little life-insurance to round out the sum. The opportunity for acquiring college education in their home city is, in a very real sense, a bequest of hers to the daughters of Rochester.

In the year in which Susan Anthony was born the one country-wide occupation of woman was household service, and in varieties more numerous than now. She was the domestic "factory;" she spun the flax and the wool, she wove the cloth, she made the coat and the carpet. Cookery, needlework, nursing and child-tending were, of course, her birthright and dower. She could also take boarders: Ralph Waldo Emerson's mother supported her family in that way, after the minister-father's death. She could teach district school also, but only in summer; not in winter, when the big boys appeared, and a man-teacher took her place at three or four times her salary. And she had even begun to set type. This was about all. Factories in the modern sense were but beginning. The woman clerk did not exist. Shop and counting-room knew her not. One consequence was that marriage was too often a "situation," a "livelihood;" another, that the unmarried woman was apt to be a dependent in the house of some male relative. In the late thirties Harriet Martineau, travelling over the land, could only add two occupations to those listed above. Today the woman's means of livelihood are nearly as many as those of the man. Even the manual occupations are few which she does not share with him. The professions are open to her—medicine, ministry, journalism, law, and the college professorships. Millions of women, married, unmarried, are happy self-supporters and supporters of others today. Happy today; but with each of the new occupations the beginners found it hard, sometimes cruelly hard, to get inside the gates. Often with their voices joining in the denunciation of her, Susan Anthony out on the platform had much to do with winning their victory for them.

In the year in which she was born such a thing as an organization of women in industry was, of course, an impossibility. But organization for culture or even for philanthropy, apart from the men, was also practically unknown; and probably no woman had ever spoken on a public platform in the United States. Coarse ridicule, solemn condemnation, social obloquy, mob violence, were all waiting to martyrize the first women who ventured in these two directions of separate organization or public speech. Either deed "unwomanized" them. The very reformers themselves were divided; as late as in the forties and fifties the anti-slavery and temperance movements were rent in twain over the question whether women should be admitted as delegates to their meetings; or, if admitted, be permitted to speak for the cause; and, when women formed separate organizations, whether these should be recognized. Just here Miss Anthony's advent on the arena of reform became an immense contribution to the power of womanhood. For she specialized on organization; she was gifted with genius that way. She had practical common-sense, large grasp of details,

a constructive and far-reaching mind, absolute fearlessness, and absolute selflessness. Caring nothing for leadership, nothing for honors, but only to get the word said, the work done, she was in her element as an executive secretary, planning the campaign, marshalling the forces, doing the drudgery—then hastening to the field and the platform to brave the give-and-take of the battle of words. And there was much to give, and much to take, wherever Susan Anthony appeared! Many brave women were made braver by her in those days. The very obloquy that attended her widened the influence of her example as an organizer and champion of a cause. No other one woman in the last half-century did nearly as much as she to teach women the secrets of organization and the courage of speech. Well have they learned the lesson. What is there of pleasure or culture or service for which women are not organized now? For what do they fear to speak out their innermost mind?

But, as was said, hardly had she begun in the fifties to organize the first cause that she made her own, that of temperance, before she realized that the best that a woman could do without a vote was little to what she might do with a vote. Thenceforth one cause became the beat of her heart and the pulse in her veins. Everybody knows what it was—the cause whose name was a synonym for "Susan B. Anthony." One need not describe her devotion to it: the story is well told in all its detail of heroism in the three-volume Life, which Mrs. Harper wrote out in the Anthony attic of the Rochester home,—surrounded there by the diaries, the scrap-books, the twenty thousand letters, the newspapers, in which the chronicle of the fifty years' struggle lay embedded. In 1820 "Woman's Suffrage," in any full sense of the words, had hardly risen above the horizon of an American mind. Today with some of the best and noblest in the land it comes into mind only with a feeling like shudder. But in five of our States the words with full meaning have become the fact of the government; with limited meanings they are true in more than two-thirds of the States of the union; and there are countries of Europe, and others in the far seas, where they are beginning to mean all they do here in the way of democracy realized. Can anyone dream that the movement is on its decline?

Those who rejoice in it certainly dream a dream of their own; and the dream is that, when the Susan B. Anthony of the twentieth century comes, it will be with a new watchword on her lips, "Woman's Duty," rather than "Woman's Rights;" and that, in our era of awakening social consciousness, that new watchword of duty and service will appeal with charm and command to many a woman who has never felt need of more "rights" than she has—*has never felt need, because of the Susan B. Anthony of the nineteenth century* who, in the name of those "Rights," offered herself, body and mind and heart and soul, from youth unto age, to all the blows and bruises and strains that at last won them for women. Let those noblest and best who fear the movement put themselves back to the year in which she was born, and in the light of the facts here recalled answer the question: Was there not *need* of a Susan Anthony? Is not gratitude due to her? and from *them* as well as from sisters of theirs, whose wrongs have not yet been made into "rights?"

All this emancipation, uplift, enlargement of life, that has been sketched, taken together, constitutes the "Woman's Movement." It has come about literally within the life-time of some of us. Of the five world-movements of the great sixty years just gone—that in science, that in religion, that in industrialism and towards democracy, that lately beginning in international relations, and this uplift of woman from her inferiority to man to conditions of equality with him—this last one, directly affecting a whole half of the race and coming close to each individual of the other half through home-life, may gradually be recognized as the most fundamental and far-reaching of all in its consequences. And among the many who labored and suffered and endured with her in the cause, the citizen of Rochester who died five years ago in mid-March is likely to be recognized by the future as the most heroic and representative leader of that movement.

She herself said to a friend a few days before her death: "I hope there will be no effort to put up a shaft, or any monument of that sort, in memory of me or of the other women who have given themselves to our work. The best kind of a memorial would be a school where girls could be taught everything useful that would help them to earn an honorable livelihood; where they could learn anything they were capable of doing, just as boys can. I would like to have lived to see such a school as that in every great city of the United States." It will be passing strange if, in the years to come, her word is not disregarded, and the face and form of Susan Anthony are not perpetuated in bronze in Rochester's parks and elsewhere, to inspire the children and attract the feet of the stranger. But a memorial of the kind she desired—desired for her cause, not for herself—is the nearer duty and hope. The Rochester University, which she helped to open to girls, greatly needs now a "Woman's Building," to meet the growing demands. The lot is waiting for it on the University grounds. The tentative plans have been drawn by the architect. They show a handsome brick building of three stories and a basement. On the first floor a large central hall, to serve for audience, and at present also for gymnasium purposes, with the Dean's apartments and office, and reception and study rooms. On the second floor, parlors and dormitories. On the third floor more dormitories—enough in all to accommodate thirty to thirty-five students. In the basement, a dining-room, kitchen, baths, and the like. The cost is $60,000, of which a fourth part is raised. Who will help to make this a first memorial to Susan B. Anthony—to the Susan B. Anthony *needed?*

Whoever wishes to help may communicate with Mrs. Mary T. Lewis Gannett, 15 Sibley Place, Rochester, N. Y.

What asks our Father of his children save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence, and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose every breathing is unworded praise.

—*Whittier.*

Richard Jefferies, the Nature Mystic of the Wiltshire Downs

NOTES OF A LECTURE AT THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, TUESDAY EVENING, BY FRED J. LAZELL.

Had Watts-Dunton written his essay on "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature" ten years later than he did, undoubtedly he would have added to the names of Sakya-Muni, Spitama and Gazzali, that of Richard Jefferies, the nature mystic and prose poet of the Wiltshire Downs. For he was a man to whom love of nature was a passion and certainly nature came "to know him and to love him" in turn. He was a prophet of the beautiful, a pagan prophet, it is true, but a prophet to whom the beauty of the world was a continual call to prayer. Today we know that much of the writing of Richard Jefferies will live as long as the English language itself endures. But it will not be read by the multitude. It will be greatly prized only by those who have looked upon the world and found it lovely and who have felt within their own lives some stirring of a spirit responsive to that which is in nature. And these will read Jefferies again and again, more grateful with each reading that such a soul was permitted to dwell upon the earth and was gifted with a voice able to articulate so sweetly and so clearly the thoughts and aspirations arising within themselves in their own best moments of vision and desire.

He studied nature as a lover, not as a scientist. There is nothing of the laboratory and very little of the text book in anything he ever wrote. He was a worshipper of nature in all her manifestations of beauty. He loved the wind-blown architecture of the snow and its changing hues in light and shadow. He took note of the rugged strength of naked trees and the graceful spray of their leafless branches; he noted also the pleasing effect of slanting sunlight on the mixed browns and grays of the winter wood. He has pictured some of those wind-blown, crimson wisps of cloud driving across the evening sky such as we saw so often during Christmas week. In "Bevis" we find mention of winter sunsets much like the exquisite colorings of winter sunsets in Iowa, when the shafts of light from the vanished sun are shot up over the western rim of the world into the cloud islands hanging above the sea of gold where the sun went down and refracted from them clear across the dome of the sky, suffusing the eastern horizon with rose-color and reflected again to the hills beneath slowly staining the snow on the face of the slopes with a tender pink, like a blush creeping into a smooth white cheek.

But the beauty of the growing season filled him with rapture. Color and sunshine were an intoxication to him. He would lie on his back for hours, feasting on the blue of the sky, or sit and revel in the beauty of a field of yellow wheat and red poppies. He loved the blue corn-flower, the blue butterfly, the rounded masses of green foliage on the trees, the flecks of yellow sunlight on shaded streams. He brought to his observation of earth and sky the imagination of a poet, the passion of a lover and the spiritual discernment of a mystic. It was the possession of this latter quality which made him one of the greatest of nature writers. Very early in life he felt in nature an influence wonderful and benign, taking complete possession of him and lifting him to memorable heights of exaltation and ecstasy. This continued all through his life and it permeates all his nature essays, giving sweetness to his thought and melody to his words.

He was born Nov. 6, 1848, at Coate farm, near the village of Swindon, North Wiltshire. Swindon is situated in Southern England, the land of the great downs, not unlike some of our higher Iowa praries. On both there is always a sense of splendid space, always a nearness of the finite to the Infinite. The wind blows beneath immense reaches of sky and the ridges and hollows follow each other in rhythmic succession as if under the influence of some ever-recurring theme in some great world-melody. Untrodden but indelible old roads wind over the downs, like the old pioneer trails across Iowa prairies. Here and there are tumuli, the sepulchral mounds of a race long vanished, like the so-called Indian mounds of our Iowa hills and valleys. From the hills one looks down to fertile farms with houses and orchards and evergreen trees, surrounded by meadows and wheat fields separated by high thick hedges, filled with birds and blossoms. Here and there is a forest and the gleam of quiet waters. Such was the land where Richard Jefferies lived for the first three-fourths of his life. He was the idyllist of this country-side, the mediator of its meaning to men, the heart and the voice of its loveliness, speaking in the sweetest of tones to the world.

He came from a long line of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire farmers, but there was a strain of city blood among them; some were artists and lovers of fine books and bindings. His father was a man of roving disposition when young, visiting the United States and Canada; but he returned to London and married Elizabeth Gyde, the daughter of a bookbinder. She was beautiful, pleasure-loving, kind and generous, but never quite reconciled to the hard work of the farm, never quite free from a lingering home-sickness for the bright and busy cheerfulness of the London streets and parks. Coate farm, with its forty acres of land, was given to this young couple on their wedding day. The house was a plain oblong two story and a half structure, with brick walls and a slate roof, standing in the midst of flowers and trees. Here Richard was born and in a garret room with a gable window close by the top of a big pear tree he had his study and did most of his writing until after he was married.

As a child he loved nature with passionate intensity. He would lie on his back and gaze up at the sky as he always did when he wanted some one to speak and to say: "Sky, I love you as I love my mother." When he arose in the morning he would steal out from the house to a group of elm trees which shielded him from observation so that he might be all alone with nature and have an unobstructed view of the eastern sky. As soon as he saw the glory of the coming sunrise, all else was forgotten. His "inner consciousness seemed to take him out of himself," he did not think, he felt.

Rambling over the downs to the village school two and a half miles away he learned to love the wind and the sky. His father was very familiar with the birds and trees and flowers and he taught

the boy all he knew. From the game keeper of a great estate near by, Richard learned a great deal of practical knowledge of hunting and sport. All through his boyhood he was much alone with nature. He was a reserved boy, taking little interest in athletics and similar youthful sports. But he was the leader of his brothers and their friends in the world of fun and play which they had around "The Reservoir," a lake of eighty acres close to his father's farm. But his delight was to be alone with nature. He soon became familiar with every foot of ground for a radius of ten miles around his father's farm. He knew the flowers and the trees, the animals and the birds, and he knew, too, the night and the stars and the grandeur of the mighty earth rolling east to meet them. He filled one note book after another with loving and careful notes of out-of-door life, and so he gathered the great store of nature knowledge which later enabled him to write with such authority and charm.

He was a sure shot, but as he became interested in the habits and the beauty of the wild creatures he used the gun less and less. With his finger on the trigger he "dropped the barrel and watched the beautiful bird until watching so often stayed the shot that it grew to be a habit; time after time he flushed the partridges without firing and let the hare bound over the furrow free." He was learning to see nature, too, in such ways that he would never forget, enabling him long years after to return in memory to the old farm and recreate in words the glamor of the earth and sky, the magic of sunshine and shadow and the abundant lavishings of nature, which to him were ever a great delight. So in his essay on wild flowers he described for us the yellow-hammer, sitting on the "ash-branch in Stewart's marsh, singing in the sun, his feathers wet with color, still singing the same sun-song, and will sing to me as long as the heart shall beat."

The deep poetic feeling in that sentence is the secret of Jefferies' art. He could write because he felt so deeply. So he created for us the bole of the old beech tree, "spotted like a trout by the separate shadows of its first leaves," the "large, puffed clouds, like deliberate loads of hay, leaving little wisps and flecks behind them in the sky;" the "buttercups, like nails of gold driven so thickly that the surface of the meadow was not visible;" the air after the summer shower which was "sweeter and richer for the rain, like verse with a rhyme;" the big burdocks, "fighting for the footpath;" the "curved moon, hung on the sky, as the hunter's horn is hung on the wall." But such writing was done later in life. In his youth he had the imagination of the poet and the deep feelings of the mystic, but he did not have the artist's technique. He was to go through long years of training before he could recreate in words the color and the song of the yellow-hammer and put all the glamor of that scene into a single sentence.

When Jefferies was seventeen years of age he obtained a position as a reporter on the *North Wilts Herald*, published at Swindon. And he seems to have given his city editor quite as much annoyance as the average new reporter. Once he wrote a very severe criticism of a musical performance given by home talent; for that he had to fight one of the performers. He was a conservative in his politics at that time and when his city editor sent him to report a meeting of the liberals, Jefferies failed to write anything at all, because the speakers all talked "such rot." Nevertheless he was a tireless writer and in addition to his regular work on the paper he wrote many special articles and some short stories. He attempted some ambitious books, such as "Reporting, Editing and Authorship" and "Practical Hints for Beginners in Literature;" it is so easy for a young reporter to write books like that.

He was now a tall, thin, slightly stooping young man, with longish hair, inclined to be sandy, a big, broad forehead and very bright, noticeable blue eyes. He was growing a beard which afterwards became full and flowing. He was a young man living so much within his own mind that he frequently was deaf and blind to acquaintances who passed him on the street. A true child of the open air, very much closer to the heart of "Queen Isis" than to the hearts of any of his friends, save one; she was Miss Jessie Baden, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. They learned to love each other with a love that never waned. During his three years' courtship he wrote three letters to the *London Times,* describing the actual condition of the Wiltshire laborer; they aroused much discussion and drew the attention of other publishers to Jefferies, helping him to dispose of his manuscripts. But he did not heed the lesson of that slight success. He was trying to write novels which were artificial and commonplace, although they contained passages of description which showed that he was being prepared for the ministry of beauty which he soon was to enter.

In 1874 he and Miss Baden were married. In October, 1876, he wrote "Marlborough Forest," his first nature essay, a description of the solitary enjoyment of nature for nature's own sake. This was warmly received, as were two essays of a similar nature, which followed the next year. Jefferies felt that his success was now assured. He moved to London, so as to be nearer his publishers. But he chose his home on the edge of the city, so that he might continue his daily walks among the fields and woods, an hour and a half in the morning and again in the afternoon. He found a big aspen tree over a brook and thither he went almost daily and was fed by the sacrament of nature. Now he put aside, forever, his artificial fiction. He began to pour out from his memory and from his notebooks all the nature lore and the nature love he had gathered during the first twenty-eight years of his life around Coate farm. The essays were printed in the London papers and magazines and then gathered into four books, "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "The Amateur Poacher" and "Round About a Great Estate." Though they lack the human tenderness and the spiritual sweetness which are characteristic of Jefferies' later and better work, yet these four books are a great delight to every lover of the out-of-doors. They are thoroughly rustic and effortless, essays written by a countryman about the country, nowhere pedantic, striving neither to teach nor to preach. But they are all aglow with the spirit of joy and they are written with a mastery and ease, a directness and lucidity which make every page seem like a locust tree in the summer time, all shot through with sunlight and

sweet air. Reading them, one is brought face to face with nature, seeing and smelling the flowers, hearing the birds sing and feeling the fresh sweet wind on the cheek.

"Wood Magic" came next. It is a story of Jefferies' childhood, done in fable. The principal character is a little boy named Bevis, who enjoys the closest intimacy with the wild folk of the forest and down. The trees tell him the secrets which they whisper to each other in the summer night; even the wind and the brook instruct him. It is such a wise wind; and the brook knows so much that is true and beautiful.

Then came "Bevis, the Story of a Boy," where this same little lad has grown to be twelve or fifteen years old. It is a capital boy's book, full of descriptions of the fun Jefferies and his friends had around that lake called the reservoir. But it abounds in nature description, such as this:

"The summer shadow lingered on the dial, the sun slowed his pace, in the rich light the fruits filled. The earth had listened to the chorus of the birds and, as they ceased, gave them their meed of berry, seed and grain. There was no labor for them; their granaries were full. Ethereal gold floated about the hills, filling the hollows to the brim with haze. Like a grape, the air was rich and luscious, and to breathe it was a drowsy joy. For Circe had smoothed her garments and slumbered and the very sun moved slow."

These books marked the close of the period of Jefferies' health and strength. In December, 1881, he fell ill of fistula and during the next year he underwent four operations for the cure of this disease. The wounds resulting from the operations were not healed until January, 1883, by which time he was almost destitute but happy in the thought that now he could go to work and begin life all over again. Alas, it was not a month until he began to feel a terrible internal pain, resulting from ulceration of the small intestine. For the next four and a half years he walked in pain and poverty down the long valley of the shadow of death. But he worked hard, refusing to ask assistance, and it was during this period that much of his very best work was done. Seldom has courage and optimism risen to such heights, seldom has any man achieved so much brilliant work in spite of such unrelenting pain.

He moved to West Brighton the first year of his illness and wrote a series of essays descriptive of the beauty within a radius of twelve miles of London. It was a book filled with the beauty of the colored air, showing the Londoners the beauty at their own doors. These essays were gathered into a volume called "Nature Near London."

Then came "The Story of My Heart; An Autobiography," which surely is unique. There is no other book like it. It deals not at all with the ordinary facts of biography, but is the story of the spiritual side of Jefferies' life, a frank recital and description of his mystic hours with nature. He tells us that there were hours in the glow of his youth when his heart was dry and dusty, parched for want of the rain of deep feeling. At such times there was a hill to which he used to resort, three miles from his home. The labor of walking to its summit, all the while gradually ascending, seemed to clear his blood of the heaviness which had accumulated at home. When he had reached the summit his gaze turned to the unattainable blue flower of the sky and there it rested, "for pure color is rest of heart." He felt an emotion of the soul which is beyond all definition. Prayer is a puny thing to it. It was not a request for anything preferred to a deity, but an intense emotion and desire for a fuller and richer soul life.

There was a great oak tree near his home. He liked to place his back against it and feel its rough bark, or to touch it with his fingers. Immediately there came that delicate, yet strong, deep and sensuous enjoyment, an exaltation and an ecstasy; this was always followed by the prayer, the desire that the beauty of the earth, the air, the sun, might be translated into some growth of excellence in himself, enriching and ennobling his body, mind and soul. So he came to have daily pilgrimages to think on these things. He would lie down in the grass and feel the earth embrace him, feel the sun and the sky pour out their love upon him. Every blade of grass, each leaf, was a pore through which he drank. And always the enjoyment was followed by the deep desire, the vehement aspiration for greater, fuller soul-life. So his life came to be a continual prayer. In the hall of statuary in the British museum, when he closed the door behind him and contemplated the curves of beauty among the Grecian statues, there came the same enjoyment followed by the same prayer. On London bridge he looked over the parapet and saw the tide, felt the push of the sea, its strength and its beauty, the same enjoyment and the same prayer. All through this book, as through a piece of music, this same beautiful motive runs. To the Christian there are some jarring notes in it, for Jefferies was a pagan; he saw in nature no evidence of a Directing Influence, he felt no loving influence of a great and fatherly heart. He never could follow the path of beauty up to the Author of all beauty, though he did see clearly that all living things are constantly striving for and attaining a higher life.

After this came a series of noble essays, gathered into two books called "Life of the Fields" and "The Open Air." Undoubtedly many of these are the very highest of Jefferies' work, especially "The Pageant of Summer." They are filled with harmonies of language, thought and feeling, and a sweetness of thought which is perhaps attained by no other nature writer. In many of them in the very first sentence Jefferies takes his reader directly out of doors and then, in a few sentences more, he shows us a world all sparkling with dew and shimmering with loveliness, as if it had just been created; that being done he straightway proceeds to get at its spiritual essence and beauty; and he does it as easily as a honey bee gets nectar from a flower.

"The Dewy Morn" is perhaps the one work of Jefferies' fiction which is worth a place in one's library, though "Amaryllis at the Fair," which followed it, has many admirers. "The Dewy Morn" is a spiritual and dramatic presentment of human life with a marvelous background of nature. Some of it reads like the Idyls of Theocritus and some like the Song of Solomon. Its principal character is a beautiful young woman, Felise, a pure creation of Jefferies'

mind and heart, to justify his sense of the divinity of woman, the same divinity that he saw in the beautiful earth and the beautiful statues in the British museum. To know Felise is an abiding joy.

All this time Jefferies had been growing weaker and now he could only sit by the window and look out at the earth and the sky. He sees a lark high against a gray cloud and he writes with a pathos which touches us to tears:

"I cannot go out and arrange with the birds and the gorse bloom; how does he know that it is time for him to sing? Without my book and pencil and observing eye, how does he know that his hour has come? To sing high in the air, to chase his mate over the plowed fields, to battle with his high crested rival, to balance himself on his trembling wings a few yards above the earth and utter that sweet little loving kiss, as it were, of song, oh, happy, happy days. So beautiful to watch as if he were my own and I felt it all. It is years since I went out among them in the old fields and saw them in the green corn. They must be dead, dear little things, by now. Without me to tell him, how does this lark, that I hear through the window today, know that it is his hour? I wonder to myself how they can all get along without me, how they manage, bird and flower, without me to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it, so carefully and lovingly, day by day."

In his last essay, dictated to his faithful wife, he goes back to the old home and pays a last wistful farewell to it and the dear earth; taking some notice, too, of the fact that some had not been able to understand him.

"No one else seems to have seen the sparkle on the brook, or to have heard the music at the hatch, or to have felt back through the centuries. No one else seems to have understood how I got food from the clouds, nor what there was in the night, nor why it is not so good to look at it through the window."

Sunday morning, August 14, 1887, he died. His body was placed high on the downs where he longed to be, among the flowers and the grasses he loved so well. Later his bust was placed in Salisbury Cathedral.

Ruskin has told us that the men in whom the love of beauty has been strong have always been among the earliest declarers and discoverers of things conducive to the happiness of mankind. To Richard Jefferies it was given to discover the true ministry of the beauty of nature, its ministry to the growth of the soul. To him Nature yielded thoughts so sweet that for many he is and will ever be the sweetest, the most persuasive, the most winning voice that has ever spoken of nature. He has shown us that those who get the greatest good from nature are not the scientists who discover her laws, but the curious who guess her riddles, not even the poets who go to her to get material for their verse; but those who approach her with a beating heart of love and are rewarded by being enfolded in her mystic heart of beauty, there to listen to her great secret. A part of that secret is the hasteless, ceaseless progress of all living things towards a higher and a better life; the fact that the hours when the soul is absorbed with beauty are the only hours when we really live; that to the chosen of nature, who feel themselves to be a part of the great mother, all things are joyously beautiful. But the greatest part of that secret is scarcely to be spoken, neither is it to be set down in printed books. It is that feeling which fills the heart with an emotion never to be forgotten, lifting the soul to an ecstasy of vision and desire. Watts-Dunton calls it Nature's greatest wonder of all, that mesmeric power which she sometimes exercises upon her choicest favorites, when all their senses melt into one and they float on a blissful sea. Wordsworth called it,

> "A presence which disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused."

Jefferies called it an ecstasy of sensuous enjoyment followed by a deep desire for a fuller soul-life. One of our later poets has tried, though he succeeded but feebly, to express it in verse:

> Like tides on the crescent sea-beach
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our hearts high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in;
> Come from the mystic ocean
> Whose rim no foot hath trod.
> Some of us call it longing,
> And others call it God.

Listening to that secret Jefferies came to his vision for the individual and for the race. It was a vision of a body, clean and sweet and strong, all its senses steeped in the loveliness of the world, a perfect, beautiful body like that which Phidias sculptured of man and woman, filled with a Godlike sense of the violet fields of Greece; of a mind large and lucid and calm as the turtle-dove in the flashes of the lightning; of a soul immortal and glorified, fit to be in the keeping of such a body and such a mind.

"If I cannot achieve it," he said, "at least I can think it."

He looked again and he saw a vision of a race with bodies all freed from every taint and blemish and weakness of hereditary sin; of a thousand, thousand minds, all focussed into a brilliant light and a fierce heat, searching out and burning up all that would impede the progress of the race in its march toward perfection; a race with its ambition fixed, not on wealth but on beauty; a race which has learned to take from nature her secrets of strength and beauty; a race which has solved the economic problems of production and distribution so happily that everyone shall have leisure to enjoy his days upon the earth; that all men shall have time each day to go to his own place of hearing, each to pray in his own oratory, to rest by the sea and to dream; that they shall work, not all of the time for their bread, but a great part of the time for the expansion of their minds and the enlargement of their souls.

The Life-Blood of a People

The population of the Mexican Republic numbers about 15,000,000 people—most of them very poor. Yet the national expenditure would give the impression of great wealth. The government pays $16,525,000 (33,050,000 pesos) a year of interest on the bonds of its "national railroads"—more than two pesos each for every man, woman and child—a sum raised by taxation. In September last the nation celebrated its one hundredth anniversary of independ-

ence; that month of gayety and splendor is said to have cost 15,000,000 pesos, another peso for each man, woman and child. The National Opera House now in construction is one of the evidences of progress, praised and admired by shallow travelers; its white marble splendor would do credit to any wealthy European capital; it has for years been building and is already sinking into the insecure material upon which it is founded; millions have already been expended upon it—who knows how many? They say from 9,000,000 to 15,000,000 pesos. All this, perhaps again a peso each, comes from the sadly taxed people. In unfortunate Puebla, a city of 95,000 inhabitants, four years have seen the contracting of 11,515,000 pesos of debts, half of it actually new, and of this enormous sum 918,000 pesos were spent for an unnecessary general hospital and 1,183,000 pesos for an unnecessary insane asylum. The interest on this debt alone is 429,000 pesos a year—a charge on the poor population of almost five pesos apiece. To meet the actual expenses of that city for the next year—488,000 pesos—the authorities have been driven to juggle with the funds for conducting the primary schools. While this has occurred at Puebla, they have just finished the educational system at the city of Mexico by establishing an unneeded university (with lectures on psychology by an American professor—the lectures in English being understood by few if any of the students) and by making an annual appropriation of 6,000 pesos to an "international" school of archaeology. Were all this frightful taxation honestly collected and handled the case would be bad enough; but there is graft everywhere and the increasing poverty of the people is accompanied by the rapidly increasing wealth of the governing ring.

Of course, in the long run, the people will prefer to shed their blood on the field of battle in a probably hopeless revolution to continuing to coin it into national railroads and government offices, opera houses and insane asylums, monuments and universities, banquets and pageants, beyond their economic possibilities. To the nation the result is the same, the hopeless loss of its most desirable class of citizens.

FREDERICK STARR.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED

Now ere I slept, my prayer had been that I might see my way
To do the will of Christ, our Lord and Master, day by day;
And with this prayer upon my lips I knew not that I dreamed,
But suddenly the world of night a pandemonium seemed.
From forest, and from slaughter house, from bull ring, and from stall,
There rose an anguished cry of pain, a loud, appealing call;
As man—the dumb beast's next of kin—with gun, and whip, and knife,
Went pleasure-seeking through the earth, blood-bent on taking life.
From trap, and cage, and house, and zoo, and street, that awful strain
Of tortured creatures rose and swelled the orchestra of pain.
And then methought the gentle Christ appeared to me and spoke:
"I called you, but ye answered not"—and in my fear I woke.

Again I slept. I seemed to climb a hard, ascending track;
And just behind me labored one whose patient face was black.
I pitied him; but hour by hour he gained upon the path;
He stood beside me, stood upright—and then I turned in wrath.
"Go back!" I cried. "What right have you to walk beside me here?
For you are black, and I am white." I paused, struck dumb with fear.
For lo! the black man was not there, but Christ stood in his place;
And oh! the pain, the pain, the pain that looked from that dear face.

Then next I heard the roar of mills; and moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld, were little girls and boys.
Their backs were bent, their brows were pale, their eyes were sad and old;
But by the labor of their hands greed added gold to gold.
Again the Presence and the Voice. "Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these, so have ye done to me."

Now when I woke the air was rife with that sweet, rythmic din
Which tells the world that Christ has come to save mankind from sin.
And through the open door of church and temple passed a throng,
To worship him with bended knee, with sermon and with song.
But over all I heard the cry of hunted, mangled things;
Those creatures which are part of God, though they have hoofs and wings.
I saw in mill, and mine, and shop, the little slaves of greed;
I heard the strife of race with race, all sprung from one God-seed.
And then I bowed my head in shame, and in contrition cried—
"Lo, after nineteen hundred years, Christ still is Crucified."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Passion for God

Sometimes we speak today as though from some essential defect in his nature God cannot be to us what Jesus is to us. God can be Father, Lord, Helper and Refuge, but not a Comrade. But what did men mean who said they walked with God? Let us hesitate to say what God is not. Whatever use we make of Jesus, the knowledge of God must be a personal spiritual experience with him. We rob ourselves of a mighty fellowship if we forget that God is a Human Comrade, with a heart that throbs to ours. It was once said of a psalmist that "he and God were inseparable. He could not live without God and he had somehow reached the assurance that God could not live without him." Yes, God cannot live without you and me. We make—and humbly we say it—his life worth living. That is a fellowship. "I am not alone for the Father is with me;" ay, and God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear the just as wonderful reply, "I am not alone, I am not a far away God, for my children are with me." This is his home, this is where he lives! We are urged today to let the passion for God give place to a passion for man, for comradeship with each other is the need of the age. Let us not say that this call is wrong. It is right. But the passion for God is the need, the great first need of every age. Our comradeship with men will be deeper and sweeter for our comradeship with God. When the half god goes, the god too "divine" to be a Comrade, and the Living God comes to the bounding welcome of our hearts. once again there may come

"All that once
Was great in Christendom, when God meant God."

E. A. R.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

OUR TREATY WITH RUSSIA

Congressman Herbert Parsons, of New York, recently introduced in the House in February a joint resolution directing the President to give notice to the Russian Government that the treaty entered into by it with the United States will terminate within one year. The resolution was introduced for the purpose of asserting a protest against the attitude of the Russian government toward American citizens of the Jewish faith.

The following is the text of Mr. Parsons' resolution:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

That it is and always has been a fundamental principle of this Government that the rights of its citizens shall not be impaired at home or abroad because of religious belief:

That this Government concludes its treaties for the equal protection of all classes of its citizens without regard to religious belief;

That this Government will not negotiate nor be a party to any treaty which discriminates, or which by one of the parties thereto is construed to discriminate, between American citizens on the ground of religious belief;

That the Government of Russia has violated the treaty between the United States of America and Russia concluded at St. Petersburg, December 18, 1882, by construing that part of Article V thereof, which says that the inhabitants of the respective States "shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy to that effect the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside, on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing, and particularly to the regulations in force concerning commerce," to mean that American citizens of Jewish faith are subject in Russia to the same class restrictions that Russia imposes upon Russian inhabitants of Jewish faith, by declining to permit American citizens of Jewish faith to sojourn and reside in Russia in order to attend to their affairs and to enjoy, to that effect, the same security and protection as non-Jewish native Russians, and by refusing to honor American passports issued to American citizens of Jewish faith;

That in the judgment of Congress the said treaty, for the reasons aforesaid, ought to be terminated at the earliest possible time and be no longer in force;

And that to this end the President be, and he hereby is, directed to give notice to the Government of Russia that the treaty aforesaid will terminate and be of no force and effect upon the expiration of the year which shall commence after the date of such notification.

These resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and the interesting hearing of the Committee on the "Termination of Treaty between the United States and Russia" has been published by the Government in a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing a full account of the thirty years' endeavor to have an end put to Russia's disgraceful discrimination against American citizens of the Jewish faith.

Resolutions to the same effect were introduced in the Senate by Senator Culberson, of Texas, and referred to the Committee, of which Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is Chairman.

Owing to the clog of business at the end of the session, the matter was buried in the Committee-room. However, it has since been taken up by many prominent citizens, Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce; the press has commented upon it liberally; the Legislatures of New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Arkansas and Montana have endorsed the resolutions; and in all likelihood, public opinion will conjure the subject out of the committee-room into the legislature halls during the next session of Congress.

UNITY, having always taken a decided stand against racial and religious discrimination of every kind, esteems it a privilege to endorse the Parsons Resolutions, and to print, on another page, for the enlightenment of its readers, the manly and convincing argument presented at the recent convention of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations by Mr. Louis Marshall, a learned and distinguished member of the New York Bar.

J. S.

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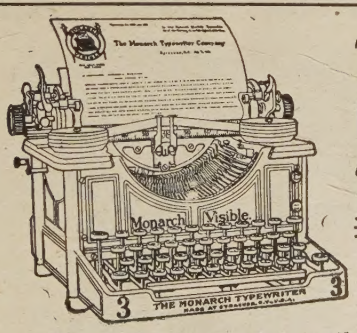

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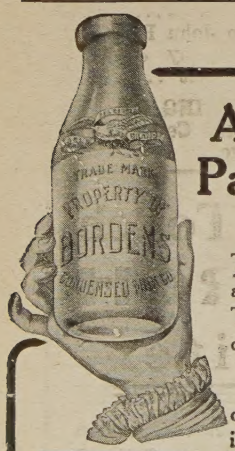

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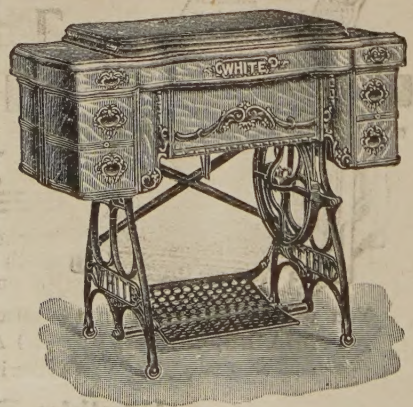

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